**Ambrosia**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26171188.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Additional Tags: | Alternate Universe - Vampire, Vampire Bites, Vampire Sex, Blood Drinking, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Vampire King Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Vampire Hannibal Lecter |
| Language: | English |
| Collections: | HannibalFanFicsToReReadOften, Hannigram fics |
| Stats: | Published: 2020-08-29 Completed: 2021-08-14 Words: 17,778 Chapters: 14/14 |

# Ambrosia

by slashyrogue

Summary

Will Graham loses his job and becomes the most sought after blood donor for vampires the county. He's making good money every few weeks until suddenly no one wants to work with him.

Enter Hannibal Lecter, Vampire King.

Hannibal has become enthralled with the taste of Will's blood, AKA Ambrosia, and wants Will to move into his home to be a permanent blood donor for him only. Will has no desire to become someone's blood bag, but circumstances beyond his control change everything.

# Chapter 1

It started out quite innocently.

The vampire bar on Davis was offering two hundred dollars for blood donations and Will just lost his job. He didn't expect the bar owners to come looking for him after that first donation because his blood was "the most delectable ambrosia our customers ever tasted."

But they did, and every eight weeks Will became the mystery donor of what became known as Ambrosia. He made good money, didn't have to do more than bleed, and they promised complete anonymity.

Will did not expect anyone to find him as the owners, very old vampires themselves, promised no one could sniff blood out.

Then some strange things started to happen.

First, his car broke down and the problem was so complicated that he took it into the mechanic. The autoshop said it would be seven hundred dollars and Will, needing his car, said that was fine even though he really couldn't spare that much cash. When he went back to pick the car up the very next day he was surprised to learn that someone else paid the full amount. The shop owner refused to tell him who that someone was.

Then, two days later, he found two dogs on his porch with bows on their necks. One of them was pregnant and had a litter of five.

He kept them all.

Four days after that he got into a shouting match with a rude driver at a crosswalk, and learned that very same night the same man was found brutally drained of all his blood. Will began to suspect that something was going on, but he couldn't quite put his finger on who or why.

He called the bar he'd been donating to, Blood Hound, and the owners were oddly nervous to hear from him.

Also they fired him.

"What?"

Dmitri's voice shook when he spoke.

"Yes, we will no longer be needing your...service."

"You said that—"

"Goodbye!"

Will stared at the phone and started to suspect interference. He knew very little about vampire hierarchy but there had to be one. His phone just then notified him of his bank account, thankfully semi full from his last few donations with enough to get him through a few months.

Still part of him wondered.

A week to the day after Blood Hound stopped selling Ambrosia that he got cornered walking home.

The whole thing was ridiculous really, he'd gone up to the pet store late when oddly his dog food was way too low for seven hungry dogs. Pet Palace was located very close to the Red Spot, another vamp bar.

Red Spot wasn't as upscale as Blood Hound but he'd never been near there so late, nor had he ever bumped into a pair of hungry vamps who wouldn't take no for an answer. The biggest one pushed him against the wall, the dog food falling to the ground and breaking open. Will went for his garlic spray which the other knocked out of his hand.

"Nuh uh, blood bag," the big vamp hissed, "No toys."

Will fought hard but they had at least twenty times his strength so he resigned himself, closing his eyes. Maybe they'd drink and leave. Then he could call the V-Unit and report the attack.

He steeled himself for the bite when suddenly the heaviness over him was gone. The choked off screams made Will open his eyes just in time to see the small one being held with one hand high up only to get broken in half. He gasped and shook just as the vampire wearing a very nice suit turned to look at him.

"Are you all right?"

Will swallowed back bile as he nodded.

The vampire dusted off his suit and walked over, stopping halfway.

"You're frightened."

"You just—"

"Disposed of two very rude idiots who do not follow the King's command."

Will blinked.

"There's a Vampire King?"

The King cocked his head. "Humans do not know enough. That should be remedied. The human media portrays us in very artificial—"

Will let out a shocked laugh. "The Vampire King."

“Yes, and I would very much like to apologize for—“

“Everything up until now?”

The King smiled. “And whatever happens after.”

He took the last few steps and held out his hand. “My name is Hannibal Lecter.”

Will took his hand despite every part of him that said not to. “Will Graham.”

Hannibal stepped closer still and inhaled, his eyes turning bright red. Will knew he should be still scared but the sight was nothing but exciting.

“I would walk you to your car, if that’s all right? After paying for your dogs’ replacement meal.”

Will nodded and let Hannibal led him into the store where he got to witness first hand the odd reception Hannibal had, which was the most calm he’d ever seen folks be towards a vampire.

The cashier smiled and blushed when he complimented her neck scarf, even giggling when he touched the green silk. The manager gave Will free treats on the way out and even offered to carry the bags to the car.

“That’s all right,” Hannibal said as he hefted the bag onto his shoulder with ease, “I have no problems with heavy lifting.”

The cashier, who slipped her number into Hannibal’s suit coat, giggled and blushed as they left.

“Is it like that everywhere vampires go?”

“Not all of us, no,” Hannibal smiled, “And certainly not with everyone.”

Their walk to Will’s car was comfortably quiet and when Will opened the trunk he was the one who finally broke the silence.

“You keep inhaling,” he pressed, staring at the vampire, “When you get close to me.”

Hannibal’s smile widened.

“Do I?”

Will had noticed him inhale at least five times already, and he was starting to have a theory.

“Yes. You can smell me?”

Hannibal bowed his head. “I apologize. It’s very hard not to, you smell like....”

“Ambrosia?”

He saw a tic in the vampire’s jaw.

“I did not pay those vampires.”

Will laughed. “I didn’t even think you did, but wouldn’t that be something someone who DID do that said?”

Hannibal closed the trunk and moved in closer to him, the inhaling more blatant now. Will flushed when Hannibal fingers lightly grazed the bottom of his glasses touching his cheek.

“I confess I am quite addicted to your taste.”

Will licked his lips and let out a shaky breath. “You got me fired.”

“Yes,” Hannibal confessed, “I do not want others to taste you.”

Will laughed. “I don’t know what to say.”

“It is not uncommon for a human to become a—“

“Blood Bag?”

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed and he shook his head. “Donator. I have never taken one before but now that I’ve had you I want no other,” he took Will’s hand and kissed his palm.

“You’d pay me?”

“I would give you anything you desire.”

“I don’t know,” he sighed, “I don’t want to offend you but I’ve never heard of blood donating personally and this makes me think you’re just trying to kill me.”

Hannibal took his hand and put it on Will’s jugular. “Why would I be so foolish? Yours is the best blood ever tasted.”

“I really have to think,” Will backed off, “And thanks to you I have many hungry dogs to feed.”

Hannibal reached into his pocket and held out a card.

“Please call me with your decision. Even if it’s a negative one, I will protect you from those who would seek to take your blood without permission.”

Will took the card and Hannibal bowed before he turned to leave. He was only a few steps away when Will called out.

“The time frame would be the same as the bar? Every eight weeks a bag?”

Hannibal turned. “No, I prefer my blood from the source and in smaller amounts. I believe the best course of action would be for you and your dogs to move into my home.”

Will blinked. “Oh.”

Hannibal smiled and the sight of his fangs made Will shiver.

“Goodnight Will.”

“Goodnight,” Will whispered, shaking as he watched him leave.

He bowed again and Will let out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding after he watched Hannibal disappear into the darkness.

All of this because his blood tasted good?

Will saw a cut on his wrist and lifted it to his mouth, taking a lick.

“Tastes normal to me,” he muttered, shaking his head.

# Chapter 2

The gifts kept on coming.

Will was given over the course of the next week: expensive suits that collectively cost more than his house, luxury dog beds that cost more than dog beds had any right to, diamond cufflinks he knew he'd never use, and a boat.

Yes, the Vampire King sent him a boat.

The boat was the reason he finally called the number on the card.

Though really it was mostly to laugh at how ridiculous Hannibal was.

"You do realize I'll never use the boat."

Hannibal paused on the other line.

"I was under the impression you enjoyed fishing."

Will smiled. "I do," he sighed, "But I have no use for a boat that big and no room in my already full garage."

"I see."

"I get what you're trying to do," Will mumbled, taking off his glasses with a sigh, "But I just...I think it's a bad idea no matter how much money you want to give me."

The silence on the other end of the phone made Will anxiously look at Buster and Harley surrounded by the already growing so fast puppies.

"You're certain?"

He chewed on his bottom lip and looked at the line of dog beds piled up in the corner of his living room. "Yes."

"I won't pretend I'm not disappointed. Your blood has been the only thing I've thought about for weeks now since that first taste."

Will felt himself blush. "I'm sure you've been around a long time, right? You've had plenty of blood."

"None like yours. The vampire community is still quite a buzz about its sudden disappearance. Ambrosia is...addicting, and blood addiction can lead to...frenzy."

He frowned. "Are you threatening me?"

“Of course not,” Hannibal said, “I am merely concerned for your safety at night. If I can recognize the scent of your blood so easily others may be able to as well.”

Will scoffed. “You *are* . I said no so now you’re trying to scare me.”

“I am doing no such thing, Mr. Graham. I am merely concerned. But if you chose not to believe me, that’s your problem. Keep the gifts, or sell them. It’s your choice. I will leave you alone from now on.”

The call ended and Will tossed his phone on the bed.

“Asshole.”

How dare he threaten Will?

He’d been perfectly safe until that night in the alley and unless Hannibal himself hired more vampires to attack him Will was sure he’d be fine.

And if they did come, Will had plenty of wood in the house.

It wouldn’t be too hard for him to make a few stakes.

# Chapter 3

Blood dripped down his neck as Will pressed send on his phone and he smiled as he leaned against the wall behind him.

Seven of them.

He'd counted seven, but there were still more, and he didn't think he could hold them off. But he'd hidden the puppies and sent the dogs into the woods.

"Will?"

"You're not gonna get me," he huffed, eyes heavy as he whispered into the phone, "Not by playing this same game twice. I'll let them kill me first before I..."

"Will, is someone there? Have you been injured?"

He coughed and blood stained his hand. "Don't pretend you...don't know."

"I'm heading there now, Will. I will not be long. Please, seek shelter and..."

Will didn't hear the rest as he let the darkness overtake him.

He only woke up because of the screams.

*"Please, please, please! I'm sorry we didn't---AHHH!"*

*"Oh god no! Please I...!"*

Will tried to stand and fell over twice before he heard the growling.

"You got me. Come and..."

Someone took him into their arms and he groaned.

"This means war," someone hissed, and then he lost consciousness again.

But woke to the sun.

Will blinked, confused, and sat up only to realize he was in a strange bedroom.

"Where the hell...?"

Almost immediately someone opened the door, and he froze as Hannibal Lecter walked into the room.

"You're awake."

"So are you."

Hannibal smiled. “The older a vampire is, the more power they have. I am not like any other vampire on earth.”

He carried in his arms a small bed table on which a covered silver dish lay. Will watched him lay the table across his lap, not moving as Hannibal took off the cover to reveal a set of breakfast foods.

“You made me breakfast.”

“Yes,” he said, “I thought after your ordeal last night you would need sustenance.”

Will put a hand to his neck and felt nothing there. “What happened?”

“A group of vampire patrons from your previous place of employment tracked you down by smell and decided to retrieve you as a...involuntary blood donor.”

He glared. “You expect me to believe that you had nothing to do with that? You...oh god where are the dogs?”

Hannibal put out his hand, went for the door, and whistled.

Buster and Harley came into the room dressed in expensive dog sweaters.

“The puppies are sleeping for now and have been inspected by a veterinarian to be sure they are unharmed as have been their parents. I assure you they are all quite safe.”

Will blinked. “How am I still alive?”

“As I’ve said, I am not like any other vampire on earth. I have my ways.”

He reached for the fork on the tray and skewered a sausage link before bringing it to his mouth. The taste was wonderful, but he resisted the urge to moan.

“You are more than welcome to stay until you feel well enough to leave but I would invest in a security system and better weapons. I do believe your name will be broadcast in the vampire world quite loudly after last night.”

Will paused. “Why?”

Hannibal looked sheepish. “I may have...declared war on a particular vampire sector in retaliation for hurting you.”

“So you got exactly what you wanted,” Will mumbled, stabbing the eggs, “I’m stuck here, and now you get to have me all to yourself to bite any time you please.”

“Will...I...”

“Hey at least I’ll get paid. How much do kidnapped blood bags make anyway?”

Hannibal reached out to touch his arm and Will pulled away, glaring up at him.

“You are more than welcome to stay without any caveats. I do not want an unwilling donor. But you are free to leave if that is your wish.”

Will swallowed. “So if I was going to stay I’d do...what?”

Hannibal smiled. “Whatever you'd like.”

“You’re just totally okay with being my vampire sugar daddy?”

“I’ve been alone for a very long time, Will. Having you here will be....a pleasant addition to my quiet life.”

Will took a long sip of his juice, eyes roaming around the bedroom, and then set it down. “Alone? No house staff? No guards?”

“It is just me. I have people in my employ but they do not share my home.”

He frowned. “Oh.”

“I will give you time to think about this decision, as it is a rather hard one. There is a fresh change of clothes in the closet and fresh towels in the bathroom if you wish to shower off last night’s....activities.”

Will didn’t say anything or move until Hannibal turned and left. He stood, walked to the window, and looked out only to see nothing and no one. The house didn’t even have a gated entry.

Just how much power did Hannibal actually have if even the threat of his wrath kept all the vampires away?

# Chapter 4

Will didn't come out of his room for the whole morning, still wary, and yet when he finally did the ease in which he got along with Hannibal was strange. He wasn't afraid of him, not at all, and Hannibal seemed to like that he was there.

"How is it that you're so good at cooking?"

Hannibal looked up from preparing Will's lunch: Cajun Cayenne Salmon, fruit nut salad, and green tea.

"I've lived a long life, I suppose. I have read lots of books on the subject and taught myself through trial and error.  You have to fill the hours with something when you spend most of them alone."

Will felt immensely sad at that sentence and turned away. He wasn't supposed to already have sympathy for the vampire who had only recently offered to pay him to be a blood bag. Hannibal may have saved him from certain death, or at least told him he had, but he still craved Will's blood like the rest of them. Maybe even more than the others.

He couldn't let himself get comfortable and do something stupid that would result in him dying.

"So you don't eat what you make?" he asked, leaning down to pet Buster.

"No. Food has never been something for me to indulge in, not for a very long time, but I do enjoy the process."

Will looked at him again. "Do you just toss it in the trash?"

Hannibal frowned down at the nuts he was chopping. "You think me that selfish?"

"You just said...."

He took the chopped nuts into his gloved hands and tossed them in with the fruit before he looked up at Will.

"I cook meals for guests, Will. I am the Vampire King, which means I hold a power that no other of my kind has. World leaders, celebrities, and even just neighbors have come to sit at my table. I have lived many lives, not all of them as a vampire. I know what it means to be hungry and alone. I would never be that wasteful."

Hannibal pushed the food toward Will roughly and the plate almost tumbled off the counter.

"Hey, I didn't---"

He walked off, obviously angry, and Will thought for a minute if he should follow.

Probably not.

Will cut into the salmon and took a bite, moaning at the taste.

“Fuck.”

Life as a vampire sugar baby definitely had it’s perks, but also seemed to have a learning curve.

He ate in silence, sharing bits of apple with the dogs.

The minute Will finished his last sip of tea he felt a rush of air so fast at his back he shivered.

“I apologize.”

Will turned to frown at him. “You’re apologizing?”

Hannibal sighed. “I should not have left so abruptly, it was quite rude of me to do so. You are my guest and with that comes the responsibility of being cordial even if what you say upsets me.”

He smiled. “You’re allowed to be pissed off, Hannibal. You might not be human but you’re not an inanimate object. I’m fine if you’re pissed at me. I was kind of an asshole to assume things about you the first day after being here. I don’t know you any more than you know me.”

The surprise that came to Hannibal’s face was oddly attractive. Will had only seen him stoic and strong in the last few hours. He appreciated the change.

“You are not angry.”

“Nope,” Will said, tossing the last apple onto the floor for the Buster and Harley, “Though I am a little suspect about your choice of meal plan.”

“I’m sorry?”

Will got up from the stool and turned to lean against the kitchen island counter.

“I was a blood donor for a while, Hannibal. I know what to eat to promote blood flow. Everything you just fed me was geared toward that.”

Hannibal frowned. “I apologize. I have spent the last several weeks preparing in case of your eventual stay here and thought that the meal choices would go unnoticed.”

“You planned for me to come here even after I told you no?”

“I wanted to be sure you were comfortable, well fed, and happy. That was why I made the rooms for the dogs, and....I was hoping that eventually you would change your mind.”

Will’s chest felt oddly tight. “Oh, that’s...thanks.”

Hannibal's smile made his stomach flip, especially the bit of fang.

"You're welcome. Now, I have prepared a small pond in the backyard for you to fish if you'd like. Or there's a large television in the study? You can order whatever you wish to watch. I have purchased several accounts on streaming services but if there's something else feel free."

Will froze.

"Will?"

"Oh, I....I think I'm gonna lie down for a while after I check on the puppies."

He pretended not to notice the disappointment in Hannibal's crimson eyes.

"Oh, that's...that is most definitely a good idea. You had a very long and stressful evening yesterday and need all the sleep you can get."

"Thanks," he mumbled, not looking at him, "For lunch and...everything else."

"You're welcome."

Will escaped the kitchen so fast he nearly ran, and once he was back in what was apparently now his bedroom he let out a long breath.

He'd only been living under the Vampire King's roof for a few hours now and was in danger of succumbing to his charms. No one had ever been so attentive to Will's needs, caring how he felt, not once in all his life.

Why did his chest hurt knowing that the first time something so nice happened to him it was because of how his blood tasted and not at all for who he was?

# Chapter 5

Four days went by before Will started to notice something wrong with Hannibal.

His host was still charming, attentive, and abnormally attractive, but his once flawless pale skin started to turn gray.

“Are you okay?”

Hannibal had changed his set menu for Will since their little tiff and had begun to cook things like hamburgers and sugary desserts. He just yesterday made the best chocolate cake Will had ever eaten.

“Of course,” Hannibal said, not looking up as he worked on the sausage Will asked for by hand, “Why would you think otherwise?”

“You….your skin, it’s….gray.”

“Don’t worry yourself about that.”

“You went from completely pale to gray, Hannibal. I think it’s a cause for worry.”

Hannibal paused in the middle of making the sausage but still didn’t look at Will.

“Why are you worried, Will? Do you think I can’t protect you? That my appearance has anything to do with my ability to…”

“Look at me.”

Hannibal didn't move.

"You had no problem looking at me all the time just days ago and now you can't? Why? Just tell me what's wrong."

He braced himself when Hannibal slowly lifted his head and the red bloodshot eyes he saw stare back at him only increased his worry.

"What's going on? Are you sick? Did…."

Hannibal growled. "It's *nothing* ! Stop this infernal questioning or I will…."

"You'll what?" Will scoffed, "Hurt me? If you wanted to hurt me you would've already done that and we both know that you---"

The quickness in which Hannibal pushed him against the counter made Will gasp, and the closeness was enough to make his heart beat faster.

"Never underestimate me, Will," he hissed, fangs out as he leaned in, "One second would be all it took for me to…."

Will barely had time to register what was happening when suddenly Hannibal collapsed forward, and he caught him. "Shit, shit what's wrong with you!?"

He hefted Hannibal up against his shoulder and dragged him across the kitchen through the door to the dining room. The living area was not far but Will's muscles ached by the time he set the unconscious vampire onto the expensive red couch.

The fear at seeing the strong vampire so vulnerable rose.

What would make a creature so strong so suddenly weak?

He ran his fingers across the edge of fang that peeked out from Hannibal's mouth and a low growl as he nipped Will's finger made him gasp when he started to suck. Will cursed.

Had he ever seen Hannibal drink any blood since he'd come to stay?

Any at all?

The sensation of even a small bite made Will shiver.

"You stupid idiot."

He pulled his finger away and Hannibal hissed, grabbing for his hand. Will gave him his wrist and winced as Hannibal bit him again. The sensation now seemed to triple and Will's entire body was a live wire.

"Fuck," he sighed, "Fuck."

Will's cock got harder the longer Hannibal drank, the feeling so good he knew if it went on much longer he'd come in his pants. He watched as the grayish tint to Hannibal's face faded back to his regular pale, and he felt so close to an orgasm he groaned.

Hannibal suddenly rose up, dropped his wrist, and stared at him with wide red eyes.

"Will?"

His cock was so hard one move he'd spill in his pants.

"Hey," he said, holding his bleeding wrist, "You're awake."

"I'm so very sorry, I…"

Hannibal grabbed him so fast Will could barely blink when they were in the bathroom down the hall. He began to clean his bite, wrapping the wound, and the anguished look on his face made Will smile.

"Hey," Will sighed, "I'm fine. I just…feel a little dizzy and...other stuff. It didn't hurt but you should've said something."

"I bit you without your permission," Hannibal hissed, "I'm no less than a monster of the lowest sort. I…."

Will put his hand over Hannibal's on his wrist. "I gave you permission," he whispered, "I did. You were starving yourself you stupid idiot. Why weren't you eating?"

Hannibal didn't look at him when he finished wrapping Will's wrist but didn't move either.

"I found myself unable."

"To eat?"

He nodded. "I have grown enamored of your blood and cannot ingest any other."

Will didn't know whether to be horrified or flattered. "Oh."

“That is, of course, none of your concern.”

He scoffed. “None of my concern? You think I’ll just let you wither away and die when all I have to do is give you a little bit of blood?”

“Will…”

He forced Hannibal’s chin up to look at him. “Hey,” he smiled, “I’m used to draining myself. Giving you a little in a cup won’t be so bad.”

Hannibal’s eyes were bright red as he stared at him. “You’re certain?”

Will shrugged. “I might as well do something useful while I’m here, right?”

“I suppose.”

His erection had already gone down enough not to be super uncomfortable but the longer he stared at Hannibal his cock seemed ready to pop up again.

“I should....”

“Yes,” Hannibal whispered, “If you’re certain you’re alright. I...will finish making dinner.”

“I’m fine.”

Will turned to leave.

“Thank you, Will,” Hannibal whispered, “For your....forgiveness.”

He forced himself to smile when he looked at Hannibal again. “You’re welcome.”

Will went right to the dogs, petting and sitting with them on the floor of their bedroom. He let his body calm down and tried not to think about what had happened or how fucking amazing Hannibal biting him had been.

That first bite on his finger had felt great and then the wrist even better.

If he let Hannibal bite him somewhere else, how would that feel?

He forced himself not to think about that.

This whole arrangement was messy enough without getting sexual, and as far as he knew Hannibal didn’t even see him that way. He fed all the dogs after feeling calm enough to go back for dinner.

Hannibal had set the table just as elaborate as ever, much to Will’s amusement, and when he walked into the dining room his vampire host smiled.

The rush of desire Will felt was immediate.

Fuck.

“Dinner is served.”

Will forced himself to smile back as he sat down. “This looks great.”

“I thought I should finish with flourish after the...*incident*. I’m still quite sorry about.”

Will bit into the sausage and groaned.

He still had never tasted anything as good as the food Hannibal made him.

“It’s fine,” he said, mouth full, “I told you.”

Will looked at Hannibal and paused.

His eyes were glowing red.

“Hannibal?”

Hannibal shook himself. “Excuse me, I lost myself a moment.”

Will wiggled in his chair. “Do you need more blood?”

“I...think tonight was enough for now.”

He tried not to hide his disappointment. “Oh, ok.”

Hannibal watched Will finish his dinner, oddly into every bite Will made, and when he took the empty plate Will heard him inhale.

“Smell something you like?”

He nodded. “You smell very good when you’re well fed,” Hannibal admitted, “And happy. You smell exquisite when you’re….*happy*.”

The word implied that he meant every type of happy.

Will blushed. “Um, thanks.”

Hannibal rushed from the room and Will ran a hand over his face.

Why did things like being told he smelled good feel like the best kind of compliment?

“Will?”

He turned to see Hannibal coming through the doorway of the kitchen holding a plate of chocolate cake.

Will grinned. “Where were you hiding this?”

“I’ll never tell.”

Hannibal moved to sit across from him again and watched as Will ate the cake. The minute their gazes met Will found himself unable to look away, and with each bite his arousal grew.

What was wrong with him?

His hand shook when he set the fork down after the last bite.

“Amazing,” he whispered.

The intense glow of Hannibal’s red eyes made his heart beat faster.

“Thank you, Will.”

“Do you want to…”

Hannibal stood up so fast the table wobbled a little. “I’m going to do the dishes and I think perhaps it’s best if we separate for the evening.”

“Oh,” Will said, disappointed, “That’s...ok.”

“I find myself still craving your blood and it’s not fair to ask you for another donation so soon.”

“No, it’s fine! I’m fine!”

He shook his head. “I find I am not,” Hannibal admitted, “Goodnight, Will.”

The rush in which Hannibal left him alone should’ve insulted him but Will didn’t know vampires enough to be. He got up from the table, headed to his room, and laid down with a sigh.

He lifted up his wrapped wrist and ran fingers over the bandage.

Will’s cock twitch as he remembered the way Hannibal’s teeth had felt.

No wonder people let vampires bite them.

Even now all he could do was think about telling Hannibal he could bite him again instead of draining his own blood. Will groaned and covered his face with both hands.

What was he going to do?

# Chapter 6

What Will did was avoid Hannibal as much as possible.

He spent a lot of his time taking advantage of the pond Hannibal had fish added to for his own amusement, and since the pond was big enough to be almost a lake he never seemed to run out. Will caught and let go of plenty of fish over the next few days, which started to get a little boring but it was something that kept him away from temptation.

And Hannibal was very much a temptation.

Will had found himself plagued with erotic dreams every single night since he'd been bitten. Every touch, lick, and bite felt like the real thing so much so that Will woke up a mess every morning. He'd taken to getting up earlier because of this to hide his messed bed sheets.

A week went by before Hannibal said anything.

"I still feel quite upset about what happened last week," he said softly, sipping on a wine glass full of blood from Will's donation just a week ago, "It was not my intention to force you into something you weren't ready for."

Will took a bite of his steak, hating the blush that came to his cheeks. "You didn't. I told you that I gave you permission."

"I'm almost certain the permission was only out of worry, and your avoidance of being around me this week confirms that."

He felt his cheeks burn. "I'm not avoiding you."

“You have taken all of your meals in private everyday until today, and spent most of your time outside in between laundering your own things. I know this arrangement is not ideal, but if it’s going to make you so very afraid of me I would go back to the way things were.”

Will scoffed. “And slowly die?”

The frown on Hannibal’s face made Will’s stomach hurt, while the flash of his fang made the rest of him get warm.

“Yes,” Hannibal admitted, sipping his blood, “I very much enjoy you, Will. Your blood may have brought you to my attention but you have done the rest.”

Will hated how good the words made him feel. “You barely know me.”

“I know enough,” Hannibal said, “I’ve been quite lonely most of my life and you...you are someone I could imagine as a companion. Friends are not something vampires find often, let alone one as powerful as I am. I trust very few people, but I trust you implicitly.”

Friend.

Will forced himself to smile.

He didn’t have any friends either, mostly because of how antisocial he’d been for so long, and the dark parts of him had always been so hard to hide. If he told Hannibal the truth would he be the one who avoided him? He had to have known Will was aroused that night he bit him, but he’d never tried to seduce or coerce him since.

“I trust you too,” Will admitted, staring down at his plate.

“That makes me very happy to hear. I only want…you to feel comfortable and happy here.”

Will forced himself to push past his fear.

“That night you said I smelled exquisite when I’m...happy.”

“Yes,” Hannibal purred, “And you have not smelled happy for a week now except when…”

Will looked up. “When what?”

“I’ve…” Hannibal sighed, “....taken to standing outside your door at night after you’ve gone to bed. You always smell happy when you’re asleep.”

He bit his lip, blushing so hard now he was sure his face was on fire. “Why?”

“I missed the scent of your happiness.”

Will shook his head. “You’re so….Jesus...can’t you just…?”

“Will…”

He sighed. “Fine,” he sighed, running his hands over his face before he met Hannibal’s eyes, “I have been avoiding you and it is because of what happened. When I let you bite me and...it felt good. Really, really good.”

Hannibal blinked. “Oh.”

“And it’s all I can think about when I’m around you. Every single night I….dream about you biting me which is why I’ve been cleaning my own laundry.”

Will watched Hannibal's eyes glow brighter than he'd ever seen them glow before.

"Would you….like me to bite you again?"

Will swallowed past the dryness in his throat.

"You want us to be friends," Will whispered, hands shaking as he gripped his fork again, "So letting you bite me and me getting off on the whole thing sort of ruins that, right?"

"I wanted us to be friends because I have none," Hannibal confessed, "But I never once said I had no want for us to be lovers. I merely did not wish to make you do something you didn't want to do."

Will's body ached in anticipation.

All he had to do was say the words.

"I....I wouldn't say no to being bit again."

Hannibal licked his lips. "Does that mean yes or no?"

"That  means....the next time you're hungry feel free to take blood from wherever you please."

He realized just how dirty that sounded and blushed even harder.

“All the blood is rushing to your cheeks, but I think I’d prefer somewhere else,” Hannibal purred, eyes so bright now Will felt like they were burning into him.

“Hannibal…”

“We’ll start your blood flow diet again tomorrow. It would be much safer if you were eating to promote blood production, as I....intend to take you up on your offer often.”

Will let out a long breath, and his hands shook when he picked up his fork again.

“That’s...sounds good to me.”

The dogs barked, thankfully, and Will took the excuse.

“Excuse me.”

He took all seven of them outside, still shaking, and watched as they did their business. This house was so far off from the rest of the world, more so than his own, and after only two weeks here he was starting to feel like it was home. Would getting even closer to Hannibal make it harder for him to ever leave? Did he really want to?

The sound of the door opening made him stiffen but not move.

“They seem to enjoy being here.”

“Yeah,” Will whispered, “Anywhere they can eat grass, chase wild animals, and shit is pretty much the perfect home to them.”

“What is the perfect home to you?”

He turned to look at Hannibal. “What?”

“What would be your perfect home, Will? How can I make you feel so at home you would never wish to leave?”

Will frowned. “I can’t leave now, can I? I mean, it’s only been a few weeks and no one’s come out here but I don’t think it’s because they don’t want to. Is it?”

“No,” Hannibal said, “They don’t come close to me if they can help it.”

“They’re afraid of you.”

“Yes,” he said, moving to stand beside Will, “I’m the oldest of all and no one is entirely sure what I’m capable of if pushed too far.”

Will shivered, and not from the cold. “Do you know what you’re capable of?”

Hannibal smiled and his fangs shone bright in the moonlight. “Often I’m not entirely sure, but I know my limitations.”

He looked away. “I’m not sure I know mine.”

“You have not answered my question.”

Will sighed. “A perfect home to me is somewhere I can feel safe and....where I know I’m meant to be.”

Hannibal reached for his hand and Will got there first, entwining their fingers and squeezing their palms together. “You wouldn’t have come here if not for the attack.”

“If you’re about to tell me you sicced them on me….”

“I didn’t,” Hannibal said, squeezing his hand, “I promise you I didn’t.”

Will looked at him again. “I’m almost glad that all happened, but if you did send them to get me I’d never forgive you.”

“I know.”

He stared into Hannibal’s red eyes. “You keep forgetting something. If not for the taste of my blood I wouldn’t be here either.”

“Circumstance brought you here, but what’s happened since….”

Will couldn’t help but kiss him. He moaned as Hannibal pulled him closer, and trembled when he felt Hannibal’s fangs brush his tongue. Hannibal’s deep growl caused the dogs to all howl and they broke apart, turning to see them all standing at the foot of the stairs staring up at them.

“I think you might be the leader of the pack now.”

Hannibal laughed, growling again, and the dogs all came up to be closer to him. Will’s chest ached as he moved away to catch his breath.

Things were moving too fast. Weren’t they?

“Come on, guys let’s go in.”

He went through the door first and the dogs all followed, desperate for touches.

“Will….”

“I’m not gonna avoid you anymore,” he promised, “But I am still gonna wash my own sheets.”

Hannibal smiled. “That sounds quite fair.”

Will smiled. “I like you, Hannibal. I...I trust you. Don’t make me regret that.”

He reached out to touch Will’s cheek and the coolness of his skin shouldn’t have made Will aroused but his body had other ideas. Hannibal leaned in and kissed Will’s cheek.

“I will not,” he whispered into his ear.

“How long till you think....” Will started to ask, hard as a fucking rock now.

“Seven days,” Hannibal said, pulling back to look into his eyes.

“That’s...way too long.”

“Anticipation can often enhance the final outcome.”

Will laughed. “Are all vampires this good at the fine art of flirting or just you?”

“I’m not sure,” Hannibal teased, “But I have been told I’m quite adept at getting what I want.”

“That makes one of us.”

Hannibal ran his fingers down Will’s cheek. “You are, Will,” he said softly, “But you struggle to ask for it.”

“You know me so well, now?” Will asked, feeling uncomfortable.

“I know you very well, but also not well enough. I want to know all your thoughts, dreams, desires, and fears. I want....all you can give me.”

Will felt tears in his eyes. “This is getting a little too…”

“You are free to retire for the evening, Will. I apologize if my words give you discomfort.”

He shook his head. “No, it’s,” he took two steps closer to him, “It’s not that.”

“Then what is it?”

“Everything you say just makes me want to give you all of that and I worry that if I do, I’ll find out you only wanted me for what I could give you not because...I’m me.”

Hannibal pressed their foreheads together and Will felt a tear go down his cheek.

“If you never wish to give me your blood again I will stop right this instant. The blood brought you here but the more I learn of you the more I want you. Will…”

Will kissed him again, slowly, shaking as Hannibal’s hand came to the back of his neck.

He wanted this.

Fuck, he wanted him and every flowery word that he whispered to be true.

They kissed for what felt like a lifetime until Will fought to breathe and Hannibal pulled away.

“Goodnight, Will.”

“Goodnight,” Will said, his voice thick with emotion or desire he wasn’t sure.

He forced himself to go to take the dogs to their room, sitting on the floor with them, and put his head in his hands.

“Fuck,” he whispered.

Even now all he wanted to do was go back to be with Hannibal.

Every time they got close or even spoke to each other the more he wanted to be with Hannibal.

Will felt Buster lick his hand and smiled. “How did you know Harley was the one you wanted, boy? Huh? Was it the smell of her ass or….did things just feel so right you couldn’t imagine being with anyone else?”

Buster rubbed his head under Will's hand and he pet him.

He wouldn't get any answers from Buster, obviously.

Tonight he'd opened a door with the Vampire King that most people would be terrified of even thinking about. If it all turned to shit and he wanted to close the door again, could he? Or was this feeling he had with Hannibal real?

Will got up off the floor after a while, and headed for his room. He had half expected to see Hannibal in the hallway but found himself alone. Would Hannibal listen to him sleep tonight?

He left the door open just in case.

# Chapter 7

A week went by so slowly when you were anticipating the end of it.

Will occupied the days with the one thing he'd been denying himself the week before: Hannibal. They shared space more often than not, talked but didn't touch, and he started to learn more things about the Vampire King than he'd known before.

Hannibal slept very little, and maybe not at all but Will had yet to figure that out. Will did not ask if he still kept vigil on him nightly, though he suspected as much. If that were true just when Hannibal did rest was anyone's guess.

He also interacted with people other than Will, just not at all in person. Will had seen him having discussions over the phone or in video conference calls a few times during the week. Hannibal apparently was truthful in that he did not have any friends. Employees spoke to him with respect but no warmth. Will wondered how long it had been since anyone had gotten to see the side of Hannibal he did.

Who were the last people he shared meals with?

Laughed with?

And why was that question so important?

"Penny for your thoughts."

Will shook himself out of his reverie and blushed. "Sorry."

They sat across from each other tonight at another fabulous blood flow meal where Will ate some kind of meat while Hannibal sipped a wine glass of his blood. He'd sat on the counter

and watched Hannibal cook every single thing on his plate earlier in the day. The sight of his talented hands, nimble fingers, and perfect grace as he moved around the kitchen was starting to become one of Will's favorite things.

"No need to apologize," he said, smiling, "You've had a lot on your mind this week."

Will laughed. "Don't be smug."

"I will admit that I'm quite happy about the upcoming event, but not smug. I was prepared to spend my last days just....hoping for a taste while I learned all I could of you."

"I still don't…"

"How many more times do I have to tell you how much you fascinate me? Ten? Twenty? I will not stop until you believe this isn't about your blood. It pleases me to please you."

"Hannibal," Will sighed, "You...you said you wanted all of me that I could give."

"Yes."

"What if…" Will chewed his lip, "...I give too much and you realize you don't anymore?"

Hannibal's face fell and Will's stomach was in knots.

"Will…"

"I ran away from my job when the blood and murder got to be too much. The things in my head, yeah they'd be amusing to a vampire for a while but…"

“Our arrangement,” Hannibal interrupted, sounding oddly formal, “Does not have rules, nor does it have to mean more than a mutual exchange of pleasure. If that is what you want.”

Will frowned. “Fuck buddies?”

“I’m not familiar with that term.”

“Liar,” he scoffed.

“Will…”

He got up from the table so fast the chair nearly fell over. “I’m not hungry anymore.”

Hannibal was in front of him so fast he didn’t make two steps. “I was merely giving you the opportunity to feel comfortable since the idea of... *more* ...seemed to upset you.”

“It’s not the idea of *more* that upset me!” Will yelled, making the dogs all whine from under the table.

He looked down at the floor and tried to calm down. This was the type of thing he didn’t want Hannibal to see. A vampire who probably lived hundreds of years and lived so many different lives wouldn’t want to be stuck with someone like him.

“Will….”

Will shivered when Hannibal’s fingers came under his chin and made him look up.

“Tell me what upsets you.”

“Having *more* and then…*less.* ”

Hannibal leaned in to press a kiss to Will’s cheek. “Oh, you please me so, Will. Every single moment we spend together I feel as if I’m learning something new about you.”

“And that’s a *good* thing?” Will said, hating how bitter he sounded.

“Very good.”

“Hannibal…”

“You worry that the more you reveal to me parts of yourself that you’ve hidden away for so long will make me want less.”

“Things have been that way with everyone else.”

He gasped as Hannibal ran fangs across his cheek. “They were fools.”

“Not everyone wants to talk about blood and murder,” Will joked, “Or bring me out of nightmares or….”

Hannibal lifted his head back to look into Will’s eyes. “Why would anyone given *more* of you, want *less* ?”

Will felt tears in his eyes. “God, you’re killing me. How many more days?”

Hannibal smiled. “Two.”

He let out a long breath. “Fuck it.”

Will yanked hard on Hannibal’s shirt and brought their mouths together hard making them both groan. He started to pull on Hannibal’s tie, and seconds later buttons flew across the dining room. They broke apart for Will to breathe, and Hannibal’s eyes were red with desire.

“Will...I think perhaps we should…”

“If I pass out you can carry me to bed,” Will panted, hands shaking as he pulled open his shirt, “I can’t wait anymore, Hannibal, I...fuck.”

Hannibal tore open Will’s pants, yanked them down, and tossed the rest of what kept Will’s skin from him over his shoulder. He put his hands on Will’s face. “I’ve wanted to do this from the first moment I saw you.”

Will laughed, his voice shaking. “I probably did too, but thinking you were a pompous asshole got in the way.”

“Will…”

“Hannibal…”

“I can hear your blood rushing inside you,” he growled, “And your warmth…”

“Fuck,” Will gasped, trembling as Hannibal pressed lips to his throat, “Fuck, fuck….”

He teased his teeth against Will’s skin, growling as Will’s hands came to his pants. “Will…”

“We have forever to take our time, Hannibal,” Will whispered, hands shaking as he struggled to open Hannibal’s pants, “But right now? I’m done waiting.”

Hannibal hissed, pulling back to finish what he’d started. He tried to kick his pants off, angrily growling until he just tore them as well, and when he ripped off his briefs bloody nail marks came across his skin that soon disappeared. Will stared at him, gasping for air, and his entire body felt like it was on fire.

“Whatever you desire,” he whispered, shaking, “Please, Hannibal take whatever you…”

He moaned when Hannibal knocked the dishes across the table and they tumbled to the floor. “Will...I fear I am...fighting control.”

“Don’t,” Will whispered, reaching for him, “Don’t fight. Just... *take*.”

Will gasped when Hannibal pulled his legs toward him and he fell back onto the table. His cock was so hard now he knew it was leaking, desperate to be touched, and yet he bit his tongue to keep from begging. Hannibal teased his fangs up Will’s inner thigh, just hard enough to press against the skin but not puncture. He groaned, grabbing for his hair, and shook so bad he could hardly stand to wait.

“Please,” he begged, hating himself, “Oh god, please!”

The first bite was so soft he cursed in frustration, pulling Hannibal’s hair as he felt him lick the blood that came from the shallow wound. “You fucking asshole,” he sighed, “Fuck, fuck...Hannibal….”

He added more bites, all gentle and hardly enough, but Will felt his orgasm was so close without even being touched he could’ve sobbed. “I’m close,” he hissed, “Fuck, I’m…..”

Hannibal lifted his head, eyes lit fully now, and his skin seemed to glow. “Will, I...I cannot control if I....if I...I do not wish to….”

“Don’t hold back,” Will sighed, shaking his head, “Don’t hold back, I won’t...I won’t be mad and I won’t….”

The words seemed to be all Hannibal needed to hear.

Will gasped when Hannibal lifted him without trouble, pulling them together so close he could feel Hannibal’s cock against his. “Do you feel me, Will? Do you feel how much I want you?”

“Yes,” Will whispered, shaking, “Yes, I….”

Hannibal’s fangs looked longer than Will had ever seen them just before he leaned in to press a kiss to Will’s neck. “I can hear your blood flowing, desperate to be on my tongue, I can…I can taste your perfect sweetness...I can….”

Will knew one more touch and he’d explode. “Hannibal….”

The feel of Hannibal’s cool lips against his skin made Will whimper, clutching harder around his neck. “Are you ready for me, Will?”

“Please….”

Hannibal’s bit down hard and Will felt his orgasm being ripped from him, spilling between them just as Hannibal thrust inside. He felt no pain, only pleasure, so lost in the euphoria, and each plunge into him only made things more hazy. Tears streamed down his face as Hannibal sucked his blood, and he felt his vision start to blur.

“Oh fuck, don’t stop,” he panted, meeting every thrust, “Don’t stop….god it feels so…”

The inhuman growl as Hannibal came was the last thing Will heard before falling into darkness.

He woke in a bed not his own, the room pitch black save for the sliver of sunlight that came through the edge of thick curtains, in a bed alone.

“Hannibal?”

The lack of answer made Will’s stomach tighten.

Had Hannibal just sucked and fucked leaving him here now that he’d gotten what he wanted?

Will sat up and felt oddly normal, just a bit hazy. He moved to stand and stumbled in the dark only to be surprised when Hannibal caught him.

He knew it was him even in the barely lit room. “You’re here.”

Hannibal helped him sit back on the bed with such care that Will knew something was wrong. “Yes.”

“You were just...sitting across the room watching me?”

“Yes.”

He reached over to turn on the lamp and was stopped by Hannibal grabbing his hand.

“What? Why can’t I…”

“I...feel I must apologize for last night. I was...more monster than man.”

Will blinked. “What?”

“You lost way too much blood and I am appalled at my behavior. I should have had much more control.”

Will rushed for the lamp again and turned on the light. “What the hell are you talking about? And why are you across the room again?”

Hannibal was standing way too far away again, and not meeting Will’s eyes.

“Will…”

“I told you not to hold back,” Will hissed, “You...last night...that was….I don’t even have words for what that was but if I did none of the words would be negative. I...fuck Hannibal get over here.”

“Will…”

“If you don’t get over now I’m leaving this house and never coming back. I don’t care if there’s an army of vampires outside. You...you can’t do this to me. Not after…”

Hannibal came across the room so fast Will felt a whoosh of air in the room as he was pulled into his arms. He pressed a kiss to Will’s cheek as he hugged him tightly.

“I will not let you go.”

“Then stop being an idiot,” Will mumbled, leaning into him, “Just...enjoy this. I’m fine, right? All parts in working order?”

Hannibal paused before he answered. “Yes.”

“You didn’t drain me, you *had* control, you could’ve killed me but you didn’t. I don’t even have any aches or pains. I just feel...*good*.”

He breathed in Will’s scent. “You’re certain?”

“Yes. Now, let’s just...bask in the morning after because that was the best night of my life. I only hope next time I won’t pass out so fast.”

Hannibal maneuvered them back onto the bed, his arms still around Will, and the feel of his cool skin made Will shiver. “I’ve never felt such….hunger. Not once in all my existence.”

Will blushed as he smiled. “That’s probably the best compliment a guy can get from a vampire. I mean I’m sure I’ve made lots of other vampires want more of my blood before but…”

Hannibal turned Will onto his back and stared down into his eyes. “I did not mean just your blood. I was hungry because it was *you* , Will. I wanted to devour you. Every noise you made in pleasure I wanted to hear more, be inside you deeper, and....never stop.”

He reached up to touch Hannibal’s face. “Never?”

Hannibal nuzzled his palm. “Never.”

Will let out a long breath, his voice shaking. “I’m...fuck I’m not good at this.”

He shivered when Hannibal kissed his palm and smiled. “Yes, you are.”

“I never wanted you to stop either,” Will confessed, hardly able to breathe, “I...still don’t. I...fuck, Hannibal…”

The sudden red glow of Hannibal’s eyes went right to Will’s cock. “We mustn’t,” he growled, “It’s too soon.”

Will whimpered. “But…”

Hannibal gathered Will into his arms again and pulled him close. The feel of his strong embrace felt so right Will had tears in his eyes. “Go back to sleep, Mylimasis,” Hannibal purred, “I will be here when you wake again.”

“I don’t…”

“Sleep,” Hannibal said, his voice a bit more commanding, “You’ll need to rebuild your strength again if we wish to...continue.”

Will suddenly felt like he’d run a marathon and fought to keep his eyes open.

“You’re making me do this, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Hannibal purred, “Now...sleep. I will be here when you wake again.”

He frowned.

“You’re...go...nna...hear...ab...out...th...is....when I….”

The last thing Will heard was Hannibal's whisper.

"I know."

# Chapter 8

Will woke to the scent of bacon, rolling onto his side as the smell wafted in past his senses. He blinked his eyes open slowly, vision a bit blurred, and saw Hannibal sitting on the bed beside him with a tray of breakfast foods.

“Good morning.”

He frowned. “Morning? I didn’t sleep all that long then.”

Hannibal moved the tray closer and unfolded Will’s napkin. “Actually...it’s Sunday morning. You slept nearly twenty four hours.”

“What?” Will mumbled, sitting up now, “How is that possible?”

He could tell Hannibal was not looking at him on purpose, the frown on the vampire king’s face suspicious. “Well...I thought perhaps you needed the rest.”

“You kept me asleep.”

“Yes,” he said softly, looking at Will now.

Will grabbed a piece of bacon off his plate and bit into it, glaring at him. “Is that what you’re gonna do now that we’re having sex? Control me?”

“Will…”

“I’m a grown man, Hannibal,” he mumbled, picking up his fork, “I can make my own choices. I don’t need my vampire sugar daddy to control me.”

“I was merely worried that if we indulged again you may…”

“I’m fine,” he said, food still in his mouth as he shook his fork, “You just don’t know what to do and it’s freaking you out. I get it. But…” he swallowed, licking his lips, “Never again. If you are so scared to be close to me again so soon then you need to tell me no.”

“I attempted to do just that, but you...I…”

“You don’t like to leave me wanting,” Will said, smiling a little, “Which is really just the cutest thing, but...as you said before...anticipation can often enhance the final outcome.”

Hannibal tentatively moved his hand across the bed over to Will’s. “You aren’t angry with me?”

“A little,” he said, picking up a glass of juice, “But...I get why you did it, and you won’t do it again.”

“Never again.”

“Good.”

“The dogs have missed you,” Hannibal said softly, “They would often come into the room when you slept and I worried they’d wake you so I kept them away the last few hours. I will let them in now.”

Will grabbed his hand and squeezed. “Just a minute.”

Hannibal nodded. “Of course.”

“You told me once that you knew your limitations.”

“Yes.”

“But...can I ask...what kind of things you can do? Like the sleeping thing, obviously, and the tearing dudes apart thing...but...what else?”

He frowned at Will. “Why are you asking?”

“I just want to know.”

“You want to know if I’m doing other things to you,” Hannibal said, and pulled his hand away as his eyes grew red, “You believe I may be...controlling you somehow?”

“No,” Will said, grabbing his hand again hard, “If you could do that to me you would’ve done it a long time ago and you had no idea that I was thinking sexy thoughts after you bit me so…”

“I knew you were aroused when I bit you,” Hannibal said, still glaring but not pulling away, “And I could smell it.”

“But you can’t read minds.”

“I can... *feel* ...minds.”

He frowned. “What does that mean?”

“Every mind has a different level to it, and some are more easily felt than others. Lower species beneath me for example, are usually quite easy to feel and....prod.”

Will let his hand drop. “Prod?”

“I knew things about you, Will,” he said, still angry as he bared his teeth, “Just by mere prodding, but...no...I did not manipulate you into having feelings for me. I just knew things you liked and hoped by giving them to you I would be able to win your favor.”

“But how does just knowing things about people help you at all if you can’t…”

“There are different levels of prodding,” Hannibal said, not looking at him now, “I can prod...very softly...or...quite hard,” he hissed, “No one has ever survived when I’ve pushed hard.”

Will suddenly felt both scared and...intrigued. “They just…”

Hannibal looked at him now. “Die, yes,” his lip twitched, “Is that what you wanted to know?”

“Yeah, but...it doesn’t seem all that frightening to me.”

He watched Hannibal’s glare soften. “That is because I would never prod into your mind in any way other than softly, and...I have not since you came to live here. I’d much prefer to know you based on interaction and what you choose to share than to steal.”

Will smiled. “You’re the first person who’s ever looked into my head and only wanted to know more to just...know me...and not to psychoanalyze or something.”

Hannibal came forward fast, hand on Will’s face, and their closeness made Will’s whole body heat at once. “I would devour everyone who’s ever told you that who you are is wrong. They

do not deserve to live."

"Hannibal…"

"Many creatures fear me for reasons I have not yet shared with you, Will," he purred, nuzzling Will's cheek, "And...I worry that if you knew them you'd turn away from me as well."

"I don't think anything you could show me would make me turn away."

"That's what you think right now, but...you don't know what your reaction will be in the moment."

Will turned his cheek and kissed Hannibal softly. He could feel the full body shudder that went through them both and nearly knocked over the tray beside them as he tried to turn Hannibal onto his back. He parted them, eyes glowing red, and shook his head.

"Too soon," he lamented, touching Will's cheek, "But...I anticipate when it's time again."

His cock felt hard as a rock again as he panted. "So do I."

Hannibal smiled. "Finish your breakfast. I will go retrieve the dogs."

He was gone even before Will could react, and seconds later the dogs came running in to greet him. Will didn't tell them not to come onto the bed, letting their excitement take his mind off what had just happened, and when they finally calmed down his sexual frustration had all but disappeared.

Dating a vampire, if you could call this dating, was going to be hard.

But he wanted to know more about Hannibal, and...even the ominous words he'd spoken earlier didn't frighten him.

This felt right.

Will just had to show Hannibal just how right together they could be.

# Chapter 9

The weekly anticipation became a part of their routine.

Will began to exclusively eat ‘blood flow’ meals, leaving out food that might hinder any progress, and would refrain from even touching himself before each week was out. He spent every moment he could with Hannibal, who after their last talk seemed kind of reluctant to share.

He still didn’t know what horrible secret Hannibal thought might turn him away but was determined to make him see that was impossible.

There was still time they spent alone, mostly when Hannibal was talking to people on video conferencing in his office. The office was the one room Will hadn’t gone in yet or was even encouraged to step foot inside, but Hannibal always kept the door open so it was easy to hear. The ‘war’ he’d begun with the other vampire sector seemed to be hitting every other vampire but Hannibal himself which wasn’t making him any friends. But Will had a feeling they were still too scared of him to be his enemies.

Will still didn’t get why they were scared of him, but knew there was still so much about the Vampire King he didn’t know. Though one thing he did know was that Hannibal seemed to never get enough of him.

Every end of the week resulted in the most orgasmic, sensuous, amazing nights of Will’s life.

It had been only three weeks since that first time and Will still couldn’t get enough of Hannibal either. Even now as they sat across from one another eating lunch he ached to be touched by him again.

“Even anticipation makes you smell divine,” Hannibal purred, his eyes suddenly filled with a red sheen.

Will licked his lips. “If we didn’t have to wait so long I wouldn’t be so eager.”

Hannibal smiled, and a fang peeked out making Will’s dick twitch. “Will, I can tell very easily when you lie, even if it is to yourself. “

Will laughed. “Okay, maybe a little.”

“The taste of your blood begins to sweeten as each week draws to a close,” he whispered, “It’s making it more difficult for me to control my urges.”

“I don’t want you to control anything.”

“I know.”

Will frowned. “But…?”

“But,” Hannibal sighed, “I refuse to hurt you to satisfy my hunger for you.”

“Hannibal…”

He took a sip of blood from Will freely offering it just hours ago. It was very little, a mere taste, and yet Will could see the way Hannibal’s expression changed as he took his blood in.

“I would like to ask you a question,” Hannibal said softly, thumb rubbing the bottom of the wine glass in his hand, “But I’m unsure I want to know the answer.”

Will smiled. “Then you probably shouldn’t ask.”

“Probably, but my hunger for you doesn’t only stop at your body and blood.”

He felt his chest ache at the words. “Can I ask you a question instead?”

Hannibal frowned. “It depends on the question.”

“How did you become the Vampire King?”

The surprise in Hannibal’s eyes was genuine. Will could tell after being around him for what felt like so long.

“Why do you wish to know?”

“Because I want to know more about you too.”

“Will…”

“You told me weeks ago that there are things about you that might turn me away. Is that one of them?”

Hannibal’s eyes glowed red as he bared his fangs. “I am a born vampire.”

Will nodded. “I guessed as much.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re stronger than the rest of them, and most vampires I’ve met have told me how they were turned. You never even hinted that you were.”

Hannibal smiled. “And you remember everything I’ve ever said?”

Will took a bite of his salad, still smiling. “Yes.”

“Have I ever mentioned my family?”

“No, I figured if you had any I would’ve seen them by now.”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, looking away, “I would’ve introduced you to them. I believe my parents would’ve liked you very much….and my sister.”

“Hannibal…”

“My father was a powerful vampire, but...he had limits. I have no such limits.”

Will leaned forward a little. “Who killed them?”

“It was...a joint effort. Jealousy of money and power is not limited to humankind. Vampires of lower standing sent humans to kill us all while we slept. I was very young at the time, barely eighty years. I did not come into my...gifts...until I gave into other things.”

He stared down at his food, not all that hungry, and forced himself to finish.

“I’m sorry I brought this up.”

“No,” Hannibal said, “Do not apologize. I want you to know me, Will, and see me as I am just as much as I fear it.”

Will finished his meat, stomach in knots, and stood up to walk around the table to Hannibal’s chair. Hannibal turned without even being asked and Will climbed into his lap as he kissed him.

The taste of his own blood was oddly arousing, and Will moaned as he felt Hannibal’s hands come to his sides. He shuddered as Hannibal pulled back to stare at him with crimson eyes.

“What do I smell like now?”

“Everything I’ve ever wanted.”

Will kissed him again, and moaned as Hannibal opened his jeans. He groaned as he felt Hannibal take his cock in hand and stroke along with each kiss. His night almost always began in the dining room, unable to finish his whole meal before the need overpowered them both. This room, like many others, made Will’s whole body ache for memories of the end of their weeks.

He was lifted with one hand as Hannibal stood, and Will whined as he felt Hannibal’s teeth tease his neck. “Please,” he whispered, “Hannibal...pl…”

Hannibal bit down softly and he moaned, barely able to think as the bite was taken away and his shirt was torn open. He licked down Will’s chest, teasing still, and Will’s cock was dripping precum even before he was laid on the table again.

“We...have to stop....ending meals like this....I’ll never be able to eat normally again,” Will laughed, groaning as Hannibal’s fangs pressed into his hip.

“You taste heavenly,” he growled, “Will…”

Will ran fingers through his hair and arched up as Hannibal began to suck his cock. “Fuck, fuck...god...don’t stop…”

Hannibal's fangs grazed his hardness and he cried out, so close he knew it would take very little for him to spill.

"Mine," Hannibal purred, pulling his mouth away and licking up his chest to whisper in Will's ear, "Will...I....cannot fathom an end to this...not now, not ever."

Will nodded, digging his nails into Hannibal's neck. "I don't...I've never felt like this before, it's not…"

Hannibal kissed him hard, bruising, and he was lifted again easily as Hannibal carried him across the dining room. He groaned, desperate to come, but tried his hardest not to spill that easily. They broke for breath as Hannibal pressed him against the wall, and stared into Will's eyes.

"You are...my ambrosia."

Will touched his cheek with tears in his eyes.

"Hannibal…"

Hannibal growled, biting into Will's neck as he suddenly thrust into him. Will came so hard his vision blurred, crying out as Hannibal fucked him against the wall with abandon. There was no pain, only pleasure, and Will dug his nails into Hannibal's hair as he drank from him.

"Fuck, don't stop," he moaned, "Don't…"

Will's vision gave out when he heard Hannibal's growl and felt him come deep inside. He woke in a bed that was not his own but with a warm body against his cheek.

"One day I won't pass out when we have sex."

Hannibal pet the back of Will's neck. "Not any day soon."

He smiled, still tired. "Maybe next week we should just eat in here."

Hannibal laughed. "That could be arranged."

Will lifted his chin up and stared at him with heavy eyes. "I'm not going anywhere," he whispered, "Okay?"

"You do not know that."

"Yes, I do," he sighed, laying his cheek on Hannibal's chest, "Nothing could make me leave. Nothing."

Hannibal ran his fingers over Will's lips. "We shall see."

He suddenly felt so tired he knew his body was being manipulated again. "But…"

"Shhh," Hannibal said softly, touching his neck, "I will be here when you wake."

“You never...asked me that question.”

“No,” Hannibal whispered, frowning, “I did not.”

# Chapter 10

The end of the following week didn't end pleasantly.

Not at all.

The days leading up to that weren't all that happy either.

Will had woken up out of his second induced sleep and told Hannibal in no uncertain terms that if he even thought about "prodding" his mind again he'd leave.

"I'll walk right out that door. I don't care if they come for me, I'm not gonna sit here and let you control me."

"Will…"

"And you're not touching me either," Will spat, not meeting his eyes, "Not until you realize that I'm not some wind up toy you can turn off and on when you want. I'll give you blood but nothing else."

Hannibal tried to apologize all week long but Will refused.

His whole body ached to give in plenty of times but he went back to avoidance. He wasn't ready to forgive Hannibal just yet about breaking his promise.

It was the worst week Will had experienced since coming to live in seclusion with the Vampire King, and he was pretty sure Hannibal had just as bad of a time, if not worse.

Will's body ached all during dinner, his cock harder than it had been in his entire life, and he could barely wait to be alone again. They barely spoke during dinner that Sunday night, though Hannibal tried.

"The puppies are getting big quite fast."

"That's how it works, yeah," Will mumbled, squeezing his legs together.

"They were…"

"I don't want to talk tonight."

Hannibal's face fell. "Oh."

"I'm still…you…"

"You're still angry."

"Yeah."

He watched Hannibal nibble on his own lip and Will bit back a moan at the sight of his fangs.

Hannibal's eyes reddened. "I can smell your arousal from here."

Will blushed. "So?"

"Will, I am truly sorry. I should not make excuses but I have spent a very long time alone without anyone to care for and I…I worried that…I still worry that you'll turn me away the more you come to know."

He shook his head. "And I don't understand why! You're the most fascinating, caring, and amazing person I've ever known. Nothing would make me afraid of you. Nothing."

"You don't know that for certain, Will."

"YES I do!" Will yelled, slamming his hands on the table, "I know you're like a thousand years old but that doesn't make me a child, Mister Vampire King. I know how I feel and I know…"

Hannibal's eyes were red as he slammed his own hands on the table. Two wine glasses broke as the table rattled, and Will's eyes widened in surprise.

"YOU KNOW NOTHING!" he yelled, "I have spent every moment reining in my power, holding myself back from….it has been…" his voice shook as sudden red tears filled his eyes.

Will's chest ached. "Hannibal, please, just…"

"Do you think you could love a monster, Will?"

He froze. "What? You're not…"

"Answer my question," Hannibal growled, his red eyes much larger than Will knew them to be.

Will blinked back tears. "If that monster was you? Yes."

Hannibal gripped the edge of the table, bent forward as he panted for breath, and Will ached to go to him.

"I think I need to leave."

Will froze. "What?"

He looked up at Will and his face was distorted as if he were trying to hold something in.

"I do not wish to...harm you...and my instincts...the more time we spend together the harder it gets for me to stop myself from doing something I can never take back."

Will's vision blurred. "They'll come after me."

Hannibal turned away from him but didn't leave, and his voice came out like a growl.

"I will not leave you alone, Will, but I cannot stay in the house any longer. This week...has been…"

Will tried to get up but found he couldn't. "You're not letting me move."

"No," he hissed, "I will not let you follow me."

"Hannibal, please just...I know you won't hurt me. I know!"

Hannibal turned and Will gasped at the sight of him. His red eyes took up half his face, nose now only a slit, and his mouth was full of razor sharp teeth as he struggled to keep the form Will knew so well.

"You...know...n...thing."

"Please, just...."

Will felt his vision blur as he struggled to keep his eyes open and whimpered as Hannibal came around the table to touch his face.

His skin was already darkening as he stared into Will's eyes.

"W...ill..."

Will collapsed on the table and woke up hours later. He ran through the house looking for Hannibal, knowing he wouldn't find him, and finally crumbled on the couch in tears.

He was gone.

*Could he love a monster?*

"I already do," he whispered, curling up in a ball as the dogs whined, "I already do."

# Chapter 11

Will barely slept the next few days, sure that any minute a horde of vampires would break into the house, and yet nothing happened.

Hannibal's protection, it seemed, worked even when he wasn't around.

Or was he?

He thought he felt someone lurking in the shadows, a watchful entity that made him feel both sad and immensely safe.

"I know you're out there," he whispered, staring up at the moon, "I'm not afraid. I'm...I'm not. Please just...come back."

There was never any answer, he didn't expect one, but still he kept trying that whole week following Hannibal's departure.

It didn't work.

Will's frustration and anger started to build the longer he was left to his own devices.

Did Hannibal just think he was gonna sit around like this the rest of his life?

"I thought you knew me better by now," he whispered, five nights later as he stared up at the moon, "I thought...a lot of things. Maybe I just...need to go home. Maybe...maybe I should've gone home a long time ago."

Will's eyes filled with tears.

"Take care of the dogs for me."

The lack of response hurt more than it had all week, and he turned to go inside barely able to breathe. There was a car in the garage but he has no idea where the keys were so the only way he'd be getting out of here was on foot.

Will had no idea how far it was to the nearest neighbor but right now that didn't really matter.

He had to get out of here.

He filled the dogs' dishes and pet all of them one by one.

"Be good for me, ok? I'm sure Hannibal will take care of you."

The dogs whined and rubbed at his hands but he couldn't let himself feel for them. Hannibal would come back, even if something happened to him, and even if he didn't take care of the dogs himself he'd find someone who will.

Will doesn't bring a single thing when he went out the door.

He wiped the tears from his face as he walked across the yard toward the street.

There was never a single car that drove by in the weeks Will stayed here and as he turned to look back his chest ached.

"Coward," he whispered, wiping the tears off his cheeks, "Fucking…"

He took two steps and was thrown back so far he groaned.

"What the fuck?"

Will stood up, seething, and put his hand out before he tried again.

The solid barrier he hit made him curse.

"LET ME OUT!"

He kicked the invisible wall with a sob. "LET ME GO!"

There was no answer, but he knew he was being watched, and threw himself at the barrier again.

And again.

And again.

He ached all over by the tenth time, vision blurry, and was about to rush for number eleven when Hannibal grabbed him from behind.

"STOP THIS!" he growled, "Go back inside and…"

"NO!"

Will fought to escape him, clawing at Hannibal's arms, and they fell back onto the grass. He couldn't help but lean back into Hannibal's embrace.

"Will…"

"YOU LEFT ME HERE! You don't get to just---"

"I could forcibly detain you," Hannibal whispered, "And keep you…"

Will laughed. "And make me Sleeping Beauty? The nice little thing you keep locked up in your lonely fucking house?"

Hannibal breathed in close to Will's neck.

"I missed the scent of you."

Will closed his eyes. “Don’t.”

“I cannot let you go.”

He sniffled. “I know.”

“But....I can show you why.”

Will could hardly see through his tears as the illusion started to fade. His eyes were wide as he saw the night sky come into view, and with that the horde of vampires he’d expected.

There were hundreds of them.

“They’re here every night.”

“For me.”

“Yes.”

“Is this hurting you?” he asked, hating that he did, “Keeping this up? Keeping...me?”

“It’s barely a strain on my power,” Hannibal whispered, “You...drain more of my power than they do.”

The empty sky returned and Will closed his eyes.

“How am I…?”

Hannibal turned him in his arms and he let out a sob seeing him for the first time in days.

His eyes were red and he looked tired but otherwise he seemed exactly the same.

“My want of you is the bigger strain,” he whispered, “And...the thought of hurting you…”

Will reached for him and he purred. “You could never hurt me.”

“Yes, I could.”

“Then...hurt me.”

“Will…”

Will pulled Hannibal down into a kiss and they both shivered.

He’d missed this, missed him, and wasn’t about to do it again.

Hannibal growled and bit down on Will’s tongue as they continued, ripping at clothes in their desperation.

Will barely had time to breathe when Hannibal thrust into him, crying out at the pain that soon vanished. He felt his vision go hazy as he met every thrust, and when Hannibal bit down

on his neck his orgasm was ripped from him so fast he screamed.

He woke up in Hannibal's bed, but not alone.

Hannibal was wide awake and watching him.

"Hello."

"You're here."

"Yes."

Will kissed him hard this time, a reward he knew he didn't deserve, and then laid his head on Hannibal's chest.

"I'm so mad at you."

"I know."

"And...we still need to talk about…"

"I know."

"Don't leave," Will whimpered, digging his nails into Hannibal's skin, "Don't."

"I will not, I promise."

Will sighed as he fell asleep again.

Things were far from ok, but Hannibal was here, and Will didn't have any intention of letting him go anywhere.

# Chapter 12

Will woke up again what felt like days later to Hannibal bringing him breakfast. He sat up, smiled, and grabbed his hand when Hannibal tried to leave the bed.

“Stay.”

“As you wish.”

He ate a piece of bacon slowly, and wondered just what he was supposed to say.

“You can ask me anything.”

Will sighed. “Can I?”

“Will…”

“You ran off the last time things got too hard.”

“I was merely...lingering in the shadows.”

Will took a sip of juice. “What does that mean?”

Hannibal touched his free hand. “I could see you but you couldn’t see me.”

He shivered as Hannibal kissed his fingers. “So you were invisible.”

“In layman’s terms, yes.”

“And somehow that was easier for you?” Will asked, eating another piece of bacon.

“I thought it would be.”

“But…”

Hannibal put Will’s palm on his cheek. “I missed you terribly, and your pain...it was difficult.”

“How are you even...what am I eating?”

He paused. “What do you mean?”

“There’s hundreds of vampires between us and civilization. You can’t be getting regular deliveries.”

Hannibal smiled. “No.”

“Then what am I eating?”

“I’m quite powerful, Will.”

Will smiled. “I know.”

“I can teleport myself anywhere I please, and despite location my protections only leave when I want them to leave.”

Will’s eyes widened. “Oh.”

Hannibal leaned in for a kiss but paused. “This isn’t frightening you?”

He smiled. “No, you’ve never scared me. I told you that before.”

“Will…”

Will moved the tray aside and pulled on Hannibal’s shirt to kiss him. “Mister Vampire King, you don’t scare me. But I think I scare you.”

Hannibal licked his lips. “Yes, very much.”

“I have another question and you better give the right answer.”

“Ask away.”

“How long was I asleep?”

“You woke the morning after our...dalliance, and then slept another entire day. I did not force this out of you, I believe your body needed it.”

“You promise?”

“Yes.”

He kissed him again. “I missed you.”

“I ached for you, Will. I…”

Will felt tears in his eyes. “We can’t keep living like this.”

Hannibal frowned. “What?”

“You’ve been alone a very long time,” he whispered, kissing him again, “You’re not alone anymore.”

“Will…”

“I don’t want to be a burden to you, or a strain on anything. Hannibal, I want...I *need*...you to make me a vampire.”

He pulled away from him. “No.”

“H…”

Hannibal hissed and was suddenly across the room with glowing eyes. “NO!”

“I know my blood is important to you,” he whispered, “But…”

He was in front of Will again, growling as he stared into his eyes. “You think I don’t want to turn you because I’ll lose your perfect blood? Will, there...I will not make you a monster.”

Will touched his face. “Do you love me?”

“What?”

“Do. You. Love. Me?”

Hannibal closed his eyes. “Will…”

“I love you,” Will whispered, kissing him softly, “Monster, man, all. I’ve never wanted to become a vampire before now but…”

“I can heal you,” Hannibal whispered, tears in his eyes, “I’ve done it before and can do it again. I…”

Will kissed him again. “But you shouldn’t have to.”

Hannibal pressed their foreheads together. “You would try to leave me again if I did not?”

“No,” Will said, shaking his head, “Never.”

“But this is what you want?”

“Yes.”

“You would lose everything, and the dogs…”

“Can you turn dogs?” Will laughed, “Do you know of any vampire dogs?”

“No,” Hannibal said, “And I would never take them from you so recklessly to risk it.”

Will kissed him again. “I know.”

Hannibal closed his eyes. “I need to show you something before this discussion continues.”

He nodded. “Yes.”

“You said I never frightened you before but this...this may frighten you.”

Will wrapped his arms around him and whispered in his ear. “It won’t.”

Hannibal kissed his neck. “Will…”

“Do you love me, Hannibal?”

He felt him shiver. “I love you, Will. I....I live and breathe for you. My entire existence has become a means to keep you safe, and....to think of losing you…”

Will lifted his head and smiled. “You won’t. I’m not going anywhere. I…”

Hannibal put a finger over his lips. “Let us have one more perfect day before I show you. I want a forever memory of you loving me as a man still before I...show you the monster.”

Tears fell down Will’s cheeks. “That sounds perfect.”

Hannibal kissed him harder then, deeper, and they fell to the bed in each other’s arms. He drowned in his kisses, barely able to breathe, and when Hannibal broke for breath he touched Will’s cheek.

“Your blood sang to me, Will, and brought you here, but...it is not why you’re my Ambrosia. It’s you,” he whispered, “It’s all you.”

Will smiled. “I know.”

They kissed again and Will buried his face in Hannibal’s neck.

There would be one more perfect day before he saw everything.

But he knew it wouldn’t change a thing.

Will already loved his monster, and if he had to become one to be with him forever?

The horde out there would wish they’d never come for him.

And no one but his monster would taste his blood again.

# Chapter 13

“What do you want to do on your perfect day?”

Hannibal smiled and took Will’s hand in his. “Whatever makes you happy.”

Will smiled. “That’s *my* perfect day then, not *yours*.”

He kissed Will’s hand. “They are one and the same.”

“Hannibal…”

“What would you want to do, Will? If you could do anything?”

Will let out a breath. “Just this,” he whispered, his voice thick, “Just....*being* here, with you.”

“That seems like a waste,” Hannibal frowned, “There’s much…”

Will kissed him softly, barely touching, and yet his whole body felt like a livewire just being near. He pulled back, and his face was flushed as he stared into Hannibal’s red eyes.

“All I’ve ever wanted since I came here is to go home,” he whispered, touching Hannibal’s cheek, “But with you anywhere is home. You know? I…”

Hannibal kissed him again, harder this time, and Will felt fangs brush his lip making him shiver as they parted.

He reached for Will’s cheek. “You once told me you worried that if you gave me all of you I’d want you less.”

“Yes.”

“And now here I am fearing the same.”

“Hannibal…”

Hannibal turned away from him and got up off the bed with deliberate slowness. “I thought perhaps we could fish in your small boat, and have lunch outside in the grass.”

Will smiled. “A picnic?”

“I’m not familiar with the term.”

“Liar.”

“Perhaps...I may have heard the word once.”

Will laughed. “Just once?”

He leaned in to kiss Will softly. “Well now that I’ve heard it from you, I suppose it’s twice.”

Will’s chest ached as he stared into Hannibal’s eyes. “I love you, you know?”

Hannibal smiled, his thumb brushing Will’s cheek. “Yes, Will...I know.”

“I just...want you to keep thinking about that today.”

“Just in case that changes tomorrow?”

Will shook his head. “Nothing’s gonna change that, Hannibal.”

“We shall see,” he said, turning away, “Get dressed, Will. I will meet you in the kitchen.”

He headed for his dresser when he heard Hannibal’s voice again.

“And Will?”

Will turned to smile at him. “Yeah?”

“You’re my home too.”

His eyes filled with tears. “Hannibal…”

He left with a flourish, saying nothing else, and Will resisted the urge to run after him but knew he didn’t have to.

Hannibal wasn’t gonna run again.

Not today.

Today was going to be perfect.

Will let out a breath before he went for his closet, throwing open the doors.

Everything fancy in here screamed Hannibal’s taste, but it wasn’t really his.

He smiled as he ran his fingers over the expensive suits and instead went for his dresser. The blue t-shirt and shorts he put on weren’t special but they felt right. He brushed his teeth and fixed his hair a bit, smiling in the mirror.

“Everything’s going to be ok.”

The words washed away any anxiety he had, and as he walked down the hall his happiness grew.

Hannibal was in the kitchen already, surrounded by bowls, and when he spotted Will his eyes lit red.

“You look quite handsome.”

“Thank you,” Will said, blushing, “It’s just a t-shirt.”

He reached out to touch Will’s shirt. “It’s very nice.”

They stared into each other’s eyes and Will felt that familiar need burn in him but he pushed it away.

“What am I eating today?”

“Cajun Cayenne Salmon, fruit nut salad, and green tea.

Will smiled. “I know that, don’t I?”

“You had the very same lunch on your first day here.”

He kissed Hannibal’s cheek. “And you remembered?”

“I remember every moment since we met.”

Will bit his bottom lip as he stared at him.

“Will?”

He let out a breath and Hannibal touched his cheek. “The day’s barely started and...I can hardly…”

Hannibal frowned. “What is it?”

“The thing,” he whispered, blinking back tears, “That you want to show me tomorrow...what makes you think it’ll scare me away?”

He turned away from Will and went back to preparing. “It has turned everyone else away, once they saw me in such a state.”

Will wiped at his eyes. “Hannibal…”

“I will meet you out on the lake, Will. Please let me finish this alone.”

He frowned. “But...we’re supposed to spend the day together.”

“Will..”

Will climbed up onto the stool at the end of the counter and put both hands under his chin.

“I’m staying.”

Hannibal didn’t smile, but he relaxed more and that was all that mattered.

He watched him prepare for the next forty five minutes, and every second he spent just being with him only made Will know what he already did.

“I love you,” he repeated, making Hannibal look up, “Monster or no monster, I love you.”

“Will…”

“We can spend all day together or even just five more minutes but that’ll never change.”

Hannibal suddenly disappeared into thin air only appearing again to grab Will from the stool and roughly push him against the wall. His eyes were lit up brighter than Will had ever seen them.

“Your certainties mean nothing now,” he growled, struggling again to stay in his regular form, “You don’t know, you can’t…”

“Yes. I. Can.”

Will grabbed Hannibal’s tie and pulled him in for a kiss, roughly smashing their mouths together until he heard Hannibal growl. He could feel Hannibal’s fangs grow longer as they kissed, felt his skin almost vibrate, and barely cared when they popped out of existence only to appear in the bedroom.

He ripped off Will’s shorts with one clawed hand, leaving blood in his wake, and did the same to his own. Will barely had time to breathe before Hannibal was inside him, the burn making him groan just before Hannibal bit into his neck.

Then it was all pleasure.

Will had tears falling down his face as Hannibal fucked him, suckling hard at his blood, and when he pulled back to stare into Will’s eyes his face was half shifted.

He reached out to touch his cheek. “Show me.”

Hannibal shook his head, and Will leaned in to kiss him again. “Please, show me.”

“Our...day…”

“Every day is perfect with you,” Will sobbed, “Hannibal, *please*.”

Hannibal smashed their mouths together again, and Will hung on him like a lifeline as he felt the change. His fangs grew longer, mouth thinner, and nose was almost gone. Will felt the knots at his back just before they ripped open the suit he wore, and Will screamed as his orgasm was ripped from him.

He pulled back to let Will breathe, and stared down at him growling.

Will touched his face.

“Hannibal, *please don’t stop*.”

Red tears fell down his face.

“W...i...ll.”

“Please,” Will begged, pulling him closer as the fur on his body made him shiver, “Please, please don’t---”

Hannibal bit into the other side of his neck as he began to fuck him harder, every thrust filling Will with undeniable pleasure while he knew he was being torn apart. He clutched at Hannibal’s wings, his vision fading, and felt like he might come again just as Hannibal pulled back to stare into his eyes.

“Will,” he growled, his eyes wide and red now as he stared, “Still?”

Will smiled. “Always.”

He roared, the walls vibrating with the noise, and before Will faded Hannibal bit into his wrist pressing it to Will’s mouth.

Will didn’t hesitate.

He drank.

Hannibal pressed his furred forehead against Will’s as he stared into his eyes.

*We can be monsters together.*

The words echoed in Will’s mind as he felt his body convulse, and Hannibal pulled his wrist away to bit into him again.

He was taking the last bits of Ambrosia.

The thought made Will want to laugh, but he knew he was going to die.

Hannibal clutched him hard as he faded, and the very last thing Will heard as a human was what he’d longed for along.

*I love you, Will.*

The words brought tears to his eyes as he died, and as Hannibal held his body he knew he’d hear them again.

For all eternity.

# Chapter 14

Will woke thirsty, sitting up in a rush as Hannibal pressed a bag to his fangs that he sucked down so fast he almost choked. He had tears in his eyes as he watched Hannibal through the dark, shaking while Hannibal rubbed his back until the pain went away.

“I’m here, Mylimasis,” he whispered, “I’m here.”

Will dropped the bag and threw himself at him, clawing at his back as Hannibal held him tight.

“H...h...ow...long?”

“Twenty eight hours,” Hannibal whispered, his fangs brushing Will’s cheek, “I worried that perhaps you wouldn’t return for the time it took but...here you are.”

He lifted his head, shaking, and put his hands on Hannibal’s cheeks.

“I love you, Hannibal.”

“I love you, Will.”

Will kissed him, desperate to get close, and bit Hannibal’s tongue growling as he pushed him down onto the bed. He felt his whole body react, rocking against Hannibal’s obvious hardness, but Hannibal pulled back to stare into his eyes again.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” he whispered, smiling, “I just...wanted to look at you.”

Will smiled. “Like what you see?”

“Oh yes,” Hannibal whispered, his voice hoarse, “Very, very much. I’m hungry to taste you this way.”

He rolled his neck, body thrumming with need, and felt a rush go through him as Hannibal’s fangs brushed his skin until he pushed him back roughly. “Wait!”

Will sat up and put a hand to his neck where he normally felt a healing wound but found none. Tears filled his eyes. “Oh, it’s...healed.”

“Of course,” Hannibal said, kissing his cheek, “Your body will heal instantaneously now no matter how deep my bites go. Will…”

His fangs grazed Will’s skin again and he shuddered. “But...what...I...what are you gonna eat? You…”

“I will, of course, be drinking from you,” Hannibal purred, teasing his fangs against Will’s neck, “As I have these past months. I want no one else.”

Will gently pushed him off, confused. “But...my blood…it’s...I died, Hannibal. It’s not the same, it can’t be the same.”

Hannibal touched his cheek and smiled. “Did you think that would stop me?”

“There’s got to be a catch,” Will whispered, “Something you’re not telling me.”

“Will…”

“Hannibal, tell me.”

He kissed him softly. “Vampire blood is much less potent than human blood,” Hannibal whispered, smiling still, “I will, of course, become much weaker if I only consume blood from you.”

Will shook his head as tears filled his eyes. “No! This...this was supposed to help! I...I thought if I was a vampire too it wouldn’t be a burden. It’s even worse than I thought.”

“Will..”

“Fuck!” he growled, grabbing Hannibal’s shirt fronts, “You should’ve told me! You…”

Hannibal kissed him again. “You wanted this, Will, and I would give you anything you wanted.”

Will felt his eyes turn red. “But now I’m a burden again, I…”

Hannibal very easily got out of his hold and pinned Will down to the bed. He stared down at him, still smiling, and shook his head. “You are anything but a burden, Mylimasis. I may not be the formidable monster I have been dining out on your reborn blood, but...you forgot something very important.”

“What? What did I---”

He bit into Will’s neck softly, and began to drink.

Will moaned, pulling on his hair, and felt pleasure overtake him.

*I'm not alone.*

He rolled them over, the pleasure rising, and bit into Hannibal's neck in return. Hannibal growled, pulling him down closer, and the taste of his blood makes Will feel like he's burning from the inside out.

*Never.*

But he doesn't stop.

*We're more powerful together than all of them.*

Hannibal gripped harder on his hair and Wil forced himself to stop feeding, blood dripping down his chin as Hannibal did the same. They stare into each other's eyes.

"No one is stronger than us," Hannibal purred, wiping the blood from Will's chin and licking it, "No one."

Will reached out to touch his cheek. "Are they still out there?" he whispered, "All of them?"

Hannibal smiled. "Yes, they are. No one knows what goes on beyond my barrier and yet they all want you still."

"I want you to let them in."

"Will…"

“Hannibal…”

He frowned. “You’ve only just been reborn. Can we not just...bask in our new blood union?”

Will shook his head. “We have to end this.”

Hannibal grabbed Will in for another kiss. “Do not move away from my side, Will, do you hear me?”

“Where else would I go?”

He smiled.

“Do you feel it?” he asked him, “The power underneath your skin?”

Will shook his head. “I feel you, all I feel is you...and... *hunger* .”

“That’s the power, Mylimasis. You are my childe, my one and only. No one else will ever feel this power I’ve given you. This gift.”

“Can I...can I change?”

“I’ve never sired another vampire before, Will. What your body does with the blood I’ve given you...remains to be seen.”

“I want to *end* them,” Will growled, “I want to finish it now.”

Hannibal touched his cheek. “We will. Together.”

“I’m ready.”

He pressed their foreheads together, and Will felt Hannibal’s presence inside him grow.

“As am I.”

Teleportation doesn’t feel anything like Will expected, or like much at all. One second they’re in bed and the next they’re outside on the lawn. Hannibal grabbed his hand as they walked toward the edge of the barrier, and Will could feel his anger rise up as they approached.

These vampires brought him here, hunted and killed him before, and now they were going to face the wrath he knew Hannibal had wanted to give them for a long time.

Hannibal looked at Will again, and Will could see his face was already about to change.

“Show me,” he whispered, “I want to see.”

“Will…”

“It doesn’t always have to happen in anger,” Will said, “Does it?”

He let go of Will’s hand and stepped back to take off his clothes piece by piece until he stood naked.

“I love you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal smiled as his red eyes started to bulge out. “I...live...for you, Will.”

The change didn’t happen slowly, or fast, but still Will thought the monster Hannibal hid away took its time. He watched as the hair grew on his arms while they elongated, and his whole body got bigger. His claws were almost bigger than Will’s whole hand, and his wings were the most beautiful things Will had ever seen.

Hannibal growled but didn’t move when his shift was complete, and Will walked up to touch his face.

“So handsome,” he whispered, “Even like this.”

Will kissed him softly, shaking as Hannibal’s massive clawed hands wrapped around him, and he could feel the bond they shared thrum in appreciation.

*Mine.*

Hannibal’s voice was distinct inside Will’s head, and he pulled back to smile at him.

“Always.”

They both turned to look at the illusion Hannibal had placed over the barrier and where one minute there was nothing suddenly it became something.

Their war.

Their feast.

The horde seemed taken aback by the sight of them and the fear in their eyes made Will's hunger grow. He rushed forward just as Hannibal did, grabbing the nearest to him and tearing into his neck. The screams that roared out made Will smile more, and in no time he was lost to the slaughter.

His claws weren't as massive as Hannibal's but they were just as deadly, and when anyone tried to come at him his strength was unmatched. He began ripping off limbs, heads, anything he could get close enough to grab, and in no time the vampires were begging in desperation.

"Please, please, I'm sorry! I…please!"

Will cared nothing for their apologies.

He only wanted their blood.

A roar made him turn and watch Hannibal take out a dozen in seconds, ripping them apart with such ease that Will was filled with desire at the sight. He got preoccupied in his view that several vampires grabbed him.

"WE HAVE HIM!" they yelled, "LET US GO OR WE KILL HIM!"

Hannibal stopped and turned to look at Will.

*Show me.*

The words made Will shiver, and he closed his eyes.

The shift didn't feel like he expected either.

His body hurt as he suddenly lashed out at his captors, pushing through all the power Hannibal had given him until he was something else.

Something they couldn't kill.

Hannibal rushed up toward Will and smashed their mouths together in a rough kiss that felt so different yet exactly the same.

They heard several screams as their prey ran and turned toward them.

*Let's finish this.*

If Will had been lost in the slaughter before, now he let it consume him.

The bodies were everywhere by the time they finished, and while he was sure that several got away it was enough that no one would ever dare cross them again.

The last vampire fell by both their hands, torn in two, and they kissed again like animals rutting in a haze of blood lust that had him spilling across Hannibal's fur screeching out like the monster he was.

He collapsed after the shift broke in his exhaustion, and Hannibal teleported them back into the house where he carried Will to the bath.

Will could barely stay awake as Hannibal climbed in with him, and began to clean them of every bit of vampire blood.

"I...I'm sorry I…"

“Shhh…”

He took his time, kissing Will all over, and when they were done he teleported them back upstairs where Will passed out so fast he barely had time to see Hannibal’s smile.

Will woke up to Hannibal and the dogs in bed with him.

“How long was I out?”

“It’s night now,” he whispered, touching Will’s cheek, “So it’s been around twenty four hours.”

Will reached for his hand. “I was a bat.”

Hannibal smiled. “A beautiful bat, yes.”

“We...I had an orgasm as a bat.”

He kissed Will softly. “Yes, you did.”

Will smiled. “It was...perfect.”

Hannibal touched Will’s cheek. “You...are perfect.”

“I love you.”

“I love you.”

The dogs barked and pushed their way between them making Will laugh. “I guess they’re not afraid of me.”

“They know neither of us would ever hurt them.”

Will pet one of the puppies, who then licked his face. “It’s over?”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, taking Will’s hand, “I’ve been promised to be left alone with my consort if we never retaliate again.”

Will smiled. “Consort? I’m not a King too?”

Hannibal kissed him softly. “You’re my everything, is that not enough?”

He grinned, and his fangs felt as if they’d been in his mouth forever.

“Yeah, I guess it is.”

FIN

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!